

Watchum fly, Hobert said, giving them
a running punt at the low middle

It wasn't such a big pile of turds
after all. It was a good size rock
with some shit for extra measure

I guess Hobert wasn't my last friend
to learn the whole truth is not
always what it's advertised

-- Judson Crews

Gallup, NM

my uncle jack

1.

my uncle jack has gone to florida
again. he can forget the snow to shovel
for a while. he'll fish and thaw his bones.
i don't know if he brought his girlfriend.

his girl is fifty;
jack is seventy.
he lives on hawley street, in rochester,
new york, with his surviving sisters.

i've never been to florida.
i lived in rochester
for twenty years.
i haven't lost the chill.

mosquitoes in the summer time.
the opening baseball game rained out.
people used to get the goiter
before they iodized the salt.

jack was married once,
but no one talks about it.
we are catholics,
and we are country folk, close-mouthed.

except a poet can't be.
jack worked for kodak forty years.
when he turned sixty-five
they gave him a baby brownie, a pension,

and a pat on the back.
he still sends me ten bucks at christmas,